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FOR THE

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OF AMERICA

DECEMBER, 1914

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

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"What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work in the form of question and answer. "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work.

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XLV.

DECEMBER, 1914

No. 12

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

IT is interesting to hear of the young Maharaja Holkar of Indore who "already shows signs of possessing the vision and grasp of the true statesman. The regulation of the age of marriage for girls, education, and the opening of public libraries in all the important centers; the improvement of the capital of the State with a view to the prevention of plague, and also looking to increasing the beauty and comfort of the city; the foundations of municipal government under the guidance of British officers, and experiments in the introduction of silk culture; these are the reforms desired by the Maharaja. The young ruler has fitted himself by study and travel for his difficult post—difficult if successfully filled."

IN Japan "a petition was presented at the last session of the Diet by Mrs. Kaji Yajima, Mrs. Chiyo Kozaki and others, asking for equality of the sexes before the law. Mr. Ebina declares that the present agitation would be kept up until the object held in view is attained.

A PLEA is made by Prof. Amos S. Hershey for factories in Japan. "It is not enough to carry the Gospel to tired, exhausted factory girls who have been working for twelve hours or more under the most depressing environment.

Something should be done to modify or abolish a system which dooms half a million Japanese girls and young women to a life of virtual slavery and which is morally and physically injurious to many thousands of them each year. The factory system of Japan, which demands an annual sacrifice of many thousands of children and young women, is a dangerous menace to the future of the Japanese race."

FROM Miss Grace M. Lucas of Nanking, we learn that "industrial work is a recognized part of the curriculum in most schools for girls here in China, including whatever is most important for a girl's development and training. The value of housewifely and womanly accomplishments is universally recognized by the Chinese as a part of a girl's education, and may provide her with a future of self-help. Self-dependence is a finer word than independence, and is a lesson much needed in China just now."

WE ask prayers for Dr. Alice L. Ernst's safe journey to India, as she left October 24th after a furlough of over two years on account of her impaired health. Meanwhile she has been diligently pursuing her medical studies, especially surgery, so much needed in our hospitals in Jhansi, India.

OUR friends will give a warm welcome to Dr. Elizabeth Reifsnnyder, who returns seeking rest from her exhausting labors in our *Margaret Williamson Hospital* in Shanghai. Our sympathies in her dangerous attacks of the heart are most tender, as we dwell on her thirty-one years of devotion to the Chinese.

KEEP in remembrance our *fifty-fourth* Anniversary, which will take place January 20, 1915. A feature of the occasion will be the inspiration of addresses by our missionaries now in this country.



FĀTEHPUR MEMORIAL DISPENSARY.

IN EASTERN LANDS.

INDIA—FĀTEHPUR
TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

By MISS MARGARET JONES.

MY impression of the *Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital* is that it is a big and shining light in a dark, dark place. Before I reached Fātehpur, in talking with a missionary friend who knows Dr. Spencer, she said, after speaking of her ability as a physician, "She is so interested in the saving of souls, also." In my heart I said, "Praise God," because there is such a strong tendency in this country especially, to become swamped in the work of caring for the body, so that we do not have time for the soul. But this is not so in the *Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital*. When I reached Fātehpur and stepped from the train I was surrounded by a bright, happy faced crowd of girls, all saying, "Salaam, Miss Sahiba; Salaam." Some of them I knew and others I did not. When I reached the Hospital I found the veranda full of girls singing an original welcome song which they had composed for the occasion. Perhaps it was not worth much from a poetical or literary stand-

point, but the love which prompted it filled all the gaps. Dr. Spencer had left the day before for the hills in company with Miss Durrant for a little rest, which I am sure they both needed very much.

Dr. West, the medical assistant, who is a very pleasant, kind-hearted native Indian girl, made me very welcome and comfortable. I had an opportunity to see how things were going in Dr. Spencer's absence, and was very pleasantly impressed with the way each one went about her work. The second morning after my arrival I went with the nurses and Bible women to our Memorial Dispensary. The regular work does not begin until after they have sung a hymn, had a Bible lesson and prayer, all the nurses sitting on the floor with the patients. I was impressed with two things, one was the very clear and tender way that Eva, our Bible woman, presented the dear old Gospel story to those poor sick women, and the other was the earnest searching look on the faces of her hearers. One woman especially kept drawing nearer, and while she gazed into Eva's face, said, "Yes, that is true: yes, it is true; it is a good message." When this little service was finished the nurses went to their work of washing and binding up wounds and various other things under the

doctor's directions, while Eva went from one to another of those waiting their turn to be treated, answering their questions and giving a kind and encouraging word here and there, vividly manifesting the spirit of Him who went about doing good. This goes on every morning in our Dispensary. In the afternoon, as I went about the Hospital visiting the patients, I frequently came upon Eva sitting on a low stool by the bedside of some poor suffering woman, either reading the Word to her or telling her of Him who is the Great Physician. This part of the work is not left entirely to Eva, as our nurses also make opportunities to help these poor women, some of whom have never heard of Jesus Christ, to understand the way of salvation better. We have had several baptisms recently, and have much reason for being encouraged. While we are not having whole villages coming and asking for baptism, as they are doing in some parts of the Punjab, we are sowing the good seed in faith, leaving the increase to Him who has said: "My Word shall not return unto Me void but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

A genuine revival is going on in the district northeast of us, and we are praying it may reach us soon. We are claiming at least one hundred souls for God this year. Will you not ask the home friends to join us in this, for the Master's glory?

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA

SCHOOL TIES.

By MISS CLARA D. LOOMIS.

LIKE a glimpse of New England seems a visit to Japan's northernmost island of Hokkaido. It was my privilege to spend three weeks of my summer vacation in Sapporo, the largest city in the Hokkaido. Sapporo is the seat of one of Japan's three government universities, and of her great agricultural college.

The university campus of three hundred and forty acres includes an extensive experimental farm and great sweeps of lawn, shaded by spreading elms. There is also a most interesting museum in Sapporo; the streets of the city are wide, and will soon be shaded with trees. It has beautifully laid-out botanical gardens.

There is a handsome post-office of gray stone, and other large public buildings. Many of the houses are built in foreign style, and even the poor people have doors and windows

instead of the sliding partitions of the ordinary Japanese house. Outside the city are extensive farms, furnished with all the modern appliances to lighten farm labor.

Another feature which makes Sapporo seem like a city in America is the active church life. There are more Christians in proportion to the population than in any other part of Japan. At both morning and evening services the churches are well filled, and in each audience one may notice college professors, prosperous business men and students. The church music, aided by mixed choirs, is excellent.

Hoping that my helper, Kondo San, might be of some assistance in the church music, and wanting a companion for the long journey, she accompanied me and soon made warm friends in Sapporo. She was three times invited to sing a solo at the church service and delighted everyone with her voice. One night after a very powerful sermon on "The Prodigal Son," preached to an audience of over two hundred, she sang "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?" Another evening the pastor spoke on "Thirsting for God," and Kondo San followed with "O! Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end." The message appealed to a woman in the audience who went to the pastor and told the story of her sinful life. He advised her to return to her home in Tokyo. She wrote home accordingly, and received the reply by telegram, "Come at once." Explaining the matter to the man with whom she had been living she returned to her family, and we trust to a useful and happy life. It was a great joy to Kondo San to feel she had had a share in bearing the message of salvation.

We had not been in Sapporo long before we discovered that Mrs. Ogawa, who graduated from the Kyoritsu J. Gakko, our school, seventeen years ago, and Mrs. Nachijo, fifteen years ago, were living in Sapporo. We had most delightful visits with them both. One day Kondo San and I were invited to a Japanese lunch at Mrs. Ogawa's. Mrs. Ogawa lives in a foreign-built house and uses tables and chairs. After a Japanese meal ice-cream was brought in in glass dishes and served with cake, coffee and fruit. Mrs. Ogawa's oldest little daughter, Mary, served us. It was a pleasure to see how eager these women were to hear all the school news; how loyal they were to Miss Crosby, and how full of stories of their own school life. After lunch Mrs. Ogawa's eight children came in with their

hymn books, and after Kondo San had delighted them all with a solo we sang some of our old favorites, and the children picked out the hymns they had learned at Sunday-school. We planned to attend the Presbyterian church together the next day. Unfortunately Mrs. Ogawa was unable to join us, but Mrs. Nachijo and her little girls were there, and somehow the school tie seemed a very close one.

Since leaving Sapporo we have spent a few days with Nematsu San, a recent graduate, who has gone to Akita, a town on the western coast, as helper to Miss Gorst of the Christian Mission. She does not begin full work till the Kindergarten opens in the fall and Miss Gorst takes up her Japanese lessons, but through the summer she is playing the organ at church occasionally and helping where she finds opportunity. She has made warm friends already and says she has not been homesick once, but the tears were in her eyes as we bade her good-bye and started back to Yokohama. For the last few days of our vacation we are enjoying the hospitality of the brother-in-law of one of our graduates, now Mrs. Murakami of Kyoto. Mr. Murakami owns land and several houses in one of the beauty spots of Japan. He has placed one of his cottages at our disposal and Kondo San and I are having a beautiful rest. Mr. Murakami is postmaster and head of the little bank at Shiobara, and his wife is a graduate of the Presbyterian Girls' School in Tokyo. We are planning to have a little service together Sunday.

Rested and happy, with deeper love than ever for the school and the beautiful ties of friendship it has wrought, I return once more to work. God grant it may be to a fuller and more fruitful service.

CHINA—SHANGHAI

TWO YEARS' WORK.

By DR. JULIA N. WOOD.

IN September, 1911, when there was no one in our mission to look after the street children on Sunday afternoons I began work with them. It was not without misgivings, for memories of mischievous urchins and one in particular nicknamed "the Imp," came as I went to the waiting room of our *Margaret Williamson Hospital* one hot Sunday afternoon and found no one to be taught. There were several of our Chinese nurses ready to help me and after some time

had passed and still no pupils, I said: "Are we going to have a Sunday-school or not? Who is willing to go with me to find some children?"

Two nurses responded and we started out into the "byways" to compel them to come in. Near our Hospital there is a narrow alley way which ends in a court, lined with houses or straw huts and sheds which answer for homes. The first child we saw was clothed only in nature's garb and ran away frightened at our invitation to attend Sunday-school. Several others we saw dressed in their brown skins, with only an upper garment. We talked with a few of the mothers and won some of the children so that they were willing to come with us. One mother called to her young son to have his face washed (a quick process with a dirty wet rag), and hustled him into an upper garment. When we were again assembled in the waiting room of our Hospital we counted our treasures and found we had eleven children, one of these being a baby. By October 1st we had increased the handful to twenty-four, and by December the attendance was seventy-seven. Imagine our joy when the record for January, 1912, showed an average for the month of *one hundred and seventeen*, and February 11th there were one hundred and fifty, and some of the mothers had been coming for some time.

The rapid increase in January was due wholly or in part to the Christmas entertainment, given by our *Bridgman Memorial School* girls. The spirit of Christmas had come into their hearts, and they asked if they might do something for these poor children. Weeks before they were busy with their needles making garments, and had gathered toys and made bags which were filled with candy and nuts. Such a happy day—not only for the children but for those who had proved that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

In the fall of 1911 the Revolution broke out and soldiers were much in evidence. Every day we could hear squads of soldiers drilling, and not long after the children of the street with bamboo sticks for rifles were parading up and down practicing the manœuvres of the grown-up soldiers. This gave an idea to try to utilize this new enthusiasm and interest in the Sunday-school. So we learned "Onward Christian Soldiers" and how to march by it, keeping step, how to give the military salute and what it meant to be good soldiers of

Jesus, and the foes we have to fight. All this was not easy but it helped in the discipline of the school.

About the time we learned to be "Jesus' soldiers" a record of attendance was started, as every child received a ticket marked with a number and our Hospital stamp. Every Sunday the numbers were read and checked off in a red book. At first the tickets became soiled, sometimes torn, but after a while as their value was realized the care that was given these pieces of cardboard was almost pathetic. Many brought them carefully wrapped in paper or cloth, and later these tickets were exchanged for fresh ones, and those who had kept theirs very clean were praised for it. Children who had not missed a Sunday were called out by number to have a small flag of China pinned on them, were commended for their regular attendance, exhorted to be good soldiers and given a little gift—usually a Bible, hymn book or a picture suitable for their homes. "King David" and "Daniel in the Lion's Den" remained on one wall nearly a year. Just in front of these pictures one day I saw strings of paper money and sticks of incense to be burned for the dead ancestors of the family. If the children have been good, just before marching out they are given cards, most of these sent by friends from the homeland. Picture postals which have been used, old Sunday-school cards, or any bright, attractive pictures, are much prized.

In 1912 we had a feast at "China New Year," made possible by the gift of a friend in Shanghai. How the children ate! One might have thought some were half starved and determined for once to secure a sufficient quantity of food. The capacity of a number was marvelous and made us wonder what the next day would mean to them. No illness was reported. Through the kindness of another Shanghai friend toys had been provided from the homes of little girls and boys who were willing to part with their treasures, and clothes for those needing garments were not forgotten.

In the summer of 1913 when we were all refugees because of the "siege of the Arsenal," we lost two Sundays. One day while riding along in a ricksha, in another part of the city, I heard my name called, and looking, spied one of these little neighbors waving his hand with his mother standing behind him smiling. I was glad to see that they were safe, and although in great danger not one of these children was hurt, and in about ten days they

with their families were back in their humble homes as though nothing had happened.

As one looks back over the two years we cannot tell of much that has been accomplished, but there seems a wonderful opportunity for sowing seed in the hearts of these dear children. While calling at a little boy's house one day his mother told me that her son "very much believed the Jesus Doctrine" and wanted her to believe too, urging her to go to our Van Santvoord Mission Chapel services. There has been a great improvement in the attitude of these children to the foreigner, probably due to the influence of the school. Most of the children should be in day schools, but are too poor to go. All that some have learned has been in our Sunday-school. Of the various helpers who have proven so valuable, of the much appreciated talks occasionally given by our Bible women, there is not time to tell. Needless to say, this help has made the work a great blessing to us all and given us courage to go forward.

PERSONALS

India, Allahabad.—Miss Bertsch writes: Not long since one of our men buried his sister, so the cart which collects the pupils for our Central School did not go out that morning. As I was at the post-office I could hardly believe my eyes when I recognized a group of our Bengali pupils walking to the school. The strange part of it was that two or three of our larger girls were among them. I later learned that they live in the same Compound and could come together. I have arranged for a *Dai* to escort them home. It would not be wise for them to walk to school often, for people would talk, but it was a joy to me to see them eager enough to attend against such odds.

One of our most popular classes is our English class. For the past four weeks I have been taking one or two periods in English conversation. They enjoy asking one another questions as a sort of game to see who can quickly ask and answer. They are often asked to make sentences at home using certain words which they learned that day. All too soon the time comes for them to say good-morning. Then some of us proceed to learn arithmetic together. The experiment of having more combined classes will be effective. Although not so good from a linguistic standpoint, I am thinking of having not only arithmetic and English classes thus combined but also the drawing.

HERE AND THERE

THE PITY OF IT

VIEWING all aspects of the stupendous European war with its overwhelming suffering and misery, without doubt, nothing has received such a blow as that given to world missions. Setting aside the stringent financial condition involved as a minor issue, the criticism rings loud on every side: "What use is it to promulgate the doctrines of Christianity, when after two thousand years its greatest exponents can sweep away its highest principles?" Astute Oriental statesmen are keenly observant of this crisis and question the results of precepts inculcated by the Prince of Peace.

Saddest of all is it, that all these warring nations have established world missions, which bear the stamp of genuineness in their successes. It is a self-evident truth that nations are but aggregates of individuals, and if the ideals of high living are wanting in the one, no hope can be sustained for the many. A great reformer rang out this challenge to his nation in revolt: "The value of the individual is determined by the degree of his beneficial productiveness in relation to his fellow creatures." What is called crime in an individual, is no less so in a nation which has falsified its loftiest standards. Dr. J. G. H. Barry has summed up the attitude of many so-called Christians: "The trouble with the world is that it withdraws attention from the proper concerns of our life, and consumes the energy which if properly directed would have sufficed for their sanctification."

Lowering clouds seem to darken day by day as the mighty conflict is intensified, but a Divine lesson is yet to be unfolded. A deep thinker gives us one reason for the dark through which we grope: "The primary value of history is educational. It is good for the mind to have a wide view of the world, to have a perspective of affairs. It corrects narrow personal views; it brings one in contact with heroic souls, it displays noble qualities. It gives one glimpses of splendid self-sacrifice of lives devoted to the highest, it sets one aglow with visions of patriotism, liberty and justice."

Edersheim in his matchless exposition of the "Life and Times of Jesus, the Messiah" reassures our drooping faith in the ultimate purpose of our Maker: "There is Divine grandeur and majesty in the slow, unheard,

certain night march of events under His direction. God is content to wait because He reigneth. Man must be content to wait because he believeth."

HAS CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION COLLAPSED—OR WHAT?

("The Friend" a paper printed in Honolulu gives this timely article.)—Ed.

THERE never has been a Christian civilization to collapse. There never has been even a single Christian nation—every soul in it Christian, from king to shepherd. There never has been a nation that took the teachings of Christ—the Golden Rule and Beatitudes—for its law, and said: "We won't have an army or navy; we will live by the law of non-resistance of evil; we will love our enemies instead of shooting them."

Nor has the Christian element that is in our civilization collapsed. Newspaper writers may caricature the Czar as getting a letter from God, in his morning's mail, directing him to begin fighting; or they may criticize the German Emperor for saying that God is on his side, but the view that God favors one nation against another is not Christian but distinctly pagan—Christ never taught it, and nothing is Christian, I do not care what so-called Christian Czars or Emperors proclaim, that Christ did not plainly teach. Christ taught that God is the Father of all men.

Christian sentiment is against this war; against all war; but it is no collapse of Christianity that there is war, any more than it is a collapse of Christianity that there is bubonic plague or "White Slavery."

These things *have collapsed*:

1. The silly fancy that the best kind of peace is *armed* peace. The safety of frenzied competition in building up huge armaments. The only kind of peace that men can ever tie to is *dis-armed* peace—the peace that Christ's teaching would bring.

2. The next collapse is that of the shallow conceit that mere scholastic education, intellectual and social culture, science, inventions, esthetic refinement could keep men from hating and fighting. The only thing that can ever conquer hate is love; and the only way to get that love is to be born again, of the Spirit of God, and become like a little child.

3. The third collapse has been of the fatuous hope that economic considerations would prevent another great war. We have been assured: "Financial magnates will never

finance another war. Capital is too timid." It is just a soothing lie. Capital is the most reckless thing in the world. Capital foments wars to get investments. More than \$100,000,000 of capital is lost every year in mining schemes, and get-rich-quick will-o'-wisps that the post-office department has put on its "fraud" list. And American capital would now willingly finance France to the tune of \$100,000,000, and probably Russia, the worst spendthrift in Europe, in an equal sum. No capital *wants* war.

4. President Charles W. Eliot, with his beautiful, exotic theory that man is essentially good; that there is no such thing as sin, has collapsed worse than a child's shattered balloon. All the college presidents in the world may cover human nature with honeyed eulogies, but let the first gun of war boom, and you will see this is a sinful world.

5. The fifth collapse is that of the cynical phrase: "The Golden Rule and the Beatitudes are not practical in this age of the world." I would like to have your idea of what is practical! Is the red horror that now spreads over most of Europe practical? Does all this carnage and loss appeal to you, as a practical man? You are compelled to take one horn of the dilemma or the other. If the Golden Rule is not practical, the opposite of it—the Iron Rule—must be practical. You have to choose between the two; there is no alternative.

The notion that the Golden Rule is not practical is collapsing. It is the only thing that *is* practical. And when America, Great Britain, France, Germany, Japan, South America form a federation *against* war; to energize and enforce the Golden Rule of Christ, as they will have to do now, that will be the most practical thing the world has ever known, and it will not be the collapse of Christian civilization.—*The Midget*.

A CENTURY'S PROGRESS

By REV. JOHN J. BANNING, M.A.

ONE Hundred Years of American Missions to India have come to a close and we stand at the beginning of a new century of Christian enterprise, and so it may not be amiss to think of what the last century has bequeathed to us and what the new century may have in store.

Every age has been an age of transition and change. Each age has its difficulties, its trials and triumphs. Each age has drawn

inspiration from its past and with new courage has faced the future and made its step forward in the general progress that has been going on from the beginning, as our God has expressed Himself through the succeeding generations of men.

The new century of Christian activity that we are entering will reveal more progress than any that has preceded it. Never before have the fruits of learning and the knowledge of current events been so easily accessible to all men, and consequently we may expect greater results from the twentieth century than from any before. If the *few* have been able to accomplish so much through their scholarship and research, what may we expect when *all* men shall put forth their best intellectual efforts at solving the world's great problems.

Two centuries ago the church did not dream of the hidden riches contained in Christ's last command, riches of love, of service, of self-sacrifice, leading to real life and power.

—Condensed.

MEMORIAL

DURING the Summer (August 8th), Miss E. C. Wright, a prominent member of our Baltimore Branch, passed to the "Land that is fairer than day," although this was only announced recently to us. The history of her connection with us furnishes a striking instance of the power of individual influence. In 1887 she was identified with the Bishop Cummins Band of the Church of the Redeemer, where each member contributed a dollar. In 1892 the name was changed to the Memorial Band of the same church, where ninety-three dollars was raised for the salary of one of our most successful native Bible Readers in Allahabad. Latterly our friend devoted her gifts toward a bed in our Hospitals in Jhansi, India, in memory of Eliza Dean, one of our most earnest members, whose name associated with countless munificent gifts, is still an inspiration. The letters of Miss Wright were always a joy as they were the exponent of her consecration, although often written in sickness and weariness. In the words of another we "believe that Thou wilt find for her elsewhere divinest opportunity for the exercise of those spiritual gifts which made her earthly life a benediction to us all."



OUR CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

FOR MISSION BANDS.

THE WORLD OVER

By FANNY SIMPSON

DHONESWARI is the name of a little Hindu girl who has just been brought to our Orphanage in Calcutta from Sonapur where our village work is carried on. She is about eight years old and has a "mind of her own" which we sincerely hope may change in some respects as times goes on.

We took her because her father and mother are both dead and she was in great danger. She is not what one would call a pretty child, but has laughing eyes, and a very charming smile at times when she is pleased, which lights up her otherwise plain face wonderfully.

When she found she would have to keep certain rules, she said with a very important air, "I shall see your *Mem* (lady) to-morrow and tell her I do not expect to stay here." Perhaps it was the effect of a wholesome meal, or the society of a number of happy little girls, or the beautiful playground that caused her to change her mind, for when she saw

the good lady the next morning she was quite silent on the subject of leaving.

She will have to be taught the importance of brevity, for if she is reproved for anything, she begins to talk with a flow of words that reminds one of the brook that sings "I go on forever, ever, etc.," and no amount of reasoning seems to convince her that she is at all to blame, but it is always the other one.

We have a custom here that on the *Mem's* birthday a feast is given by her to all the school. You may not know that they eat the same thing from one year to another, and it is a real pleasure to give them something different. This year they were given chicken curry and pillau. Pillau is rice fried in ghee; now if you do not think this sounds appetizing, come here on my next birthday and taste it and be forevermore convinced that it is delicious. The rice for pillau is different from that ordinarily used, and this was damp and needed drying before it could be properly fried. Then it took some time to prepare all the chicken, so when all was ready it was much later than usual, and everyone was hungry.

Dhoneswari, who had been naughty, had been scolded by the matron who said to her, "You ought not to have any of the *Men's* feast." Whether it was this, or whether she had seen the chicken killed I do not know, but she refused to eat the plateful of steaming savory pillau and curry. I found her pouting and making all around her unhappy, so I told her she did not need to eat it if she did not wish to, and sent her away. This was quite another story. It is one thing, you know, to be in the limelight, and quite another to be out of it, and outside in the dark without any one's attention. So Dhoneswari commenced a little insistent wail that was more distressing than her pouting. The women and girls of India and who will declare this is not true of other lands to some extent, have the habit of getting their own way by wailing, and after a while it is apt to get on one's nerves, and one will do almost anything to make them stop. I began to reason with her, when she said, "Well, I'm a *Hindu* and I cannot eat that chicken anyway." We gently reminded her that she had been eating buffalo meat in her curry for dinner, for some days. At last the evident enjoyment of the children and her empty little stomach gained the day, and she stopped her dismal little wailing and came in, ate the pillau and chicken curry, all of it, as though she had never heard of a Hindu.

She is learning quickly and has a good memory. She loves to hear Bible stories and will repeat them quite correctly afterwards. She is also a willing worker and runs gladly to help wherever she can.

Pray for this, another one of India's helpless little daughters, that she may early find her way to the Cross and faith in Jesus Christ as her Saviour.

OUR BIRDS IN CAWNPORE

By CLARA W. BEACH

I HAVE lately been learning some lessons through the birds of India. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow live in my bathroom and are everywhere. This pair cannot be outdone in persistence, for I had their nest torn down, thinking they would go away, but at last they have conquered. I am sure their neighbors must have helped them, for the amount of hay that was put in the nest in twenty-four hours was marvelous. Now I cannot help loving them for being so persistent. I wish you could see the lovely little *lals* that are so often

in the native homes. They are smaller than most canaries and have bright red spots on their bodies, and usually a good deal of red on their heads, which gives them their name, as *lal* means red. You seldom see one alone, but six or eight or even fifteen are in a cage. We have other birds at this season of the year that are not found in cages. The first is the brain-fever bird; it has been calling out "brain fever" in its imperative way for six weeks at least, and the male bird has a long inflected note saying "Ooooo—oo—oo, its hot." When they call very loudly it seems as though they would really give us brain fever, for the cry is very shrill.

Another kind come in flocks of seven or more and are called the Seven Sisters or Brothers. They keep up a continual clatter among themselves which is deafening. These are handsome and look so much like the dry parched brown or gray earth, one would scarcely notice them did they not make so much noise.

The crow is very common with us and is a thief even worse here than in America. They often take the bread out of our little children's hands if not watched and driven away. In a recent storm in Calcutta thousands of crows were killed by hail, a very unusual occurrence.

You would love the bright green parrots, with their crooked beaks and friendly ways, which are sold for a cent each. A little English girl near us had one which refused to eat for several days, but she was very kind to him and he seemed to love her dearly, now sitting on her shoulder as she walks around the yard. People teach them to speak Hindustani just as you have heard them speak English words.

The minah is a very sweet singer and, strange to say, it sings its sweetest when the cage is covered. The people of India are very fond of this bird, often taking it with them on their railway journeys. Their note is a liquid one and, once heard, you will not soon forget it. The weavers, too, have a big place in my heart, for they are so dextrous in nest building. In the country we see their large white nests in the trees, some colonies having twelve or fifteen nests. We have long-leaved crotous on our veranda, and they are very tempting to these industrious tailor birds, for they have often sewed the leaves together and lined them with soft down of little feathers. One scarcely hears a chirp from any bird in the middle of the day, but wait for matins and vespers, and what a change! Now a clear solo or a duet or trio, but after a little while the grand anthem of praise.

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from
November 1 to November 30, 1914.

CALCUTTA, INDIA

N. Y.—East Norwich, Epworth League, Mrs. A. V. Downing, Treas., for Clara Frost, Orphan,	25 00
N. J.—Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, for Helen Eliza White Scholarship,	5 00
Total,	30 00

CAWNPORE

Mary Avery Merriman School	
N. Y.—Cold Spring, "Hillside Band," Miss A. P. Wilson, Sec'y, for Ada,	22 00
N. J.—Lakewood, Miss Laura Pell, for Miss Harris' school work,	60 00
Pa.—Phila. W. For. Mis. Soc., Ref. Epis. Ch., Miss M. L. Brearley, Treas., Grace Ch., Scranton, for Jane,	35 00
Md.—Baltimore, Mr. A. N. Bastable, for Adeline Lall,	30 00
Ill.—Chicago, Kenwood Evan. Ch., Mr. M. R. Kimball, Treas., Bequest of late Mr. N. S. Bouton,	25 00
Total,	162 00

FĀTEHPUR

Rescue Work

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. Peter McCartee, quarterly payment toward Miss Durrant's salary,	25 00
Florida—Owanita, Miss Alice Raymond, for Miss Margaret Jones (Hospital),	10 00
Total,	35 00

JHANSI

Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals

N. Y.—Clifton Springs, A Friend toward support of bed, 2.50; N. Y. City, Mrs. A. T. Van Santvoord, Miss McLean's salary, 600.00; Miss A. C. Moffatt, for Bahiman, 50.00,	652 50
Pa.—Shippensburg, Normal S. S. Collec- tion, Miss A. V. Horton, Treas.,	3 60
Total,	656 10

SHANGHAI, CHINA

Bridgman Memorial Home

N. J.—Jersey City, Mrs. L. A. Opdyke, for pupil,	20 00
Md.—Baltimore, Mr. A. N. Bastable, for scholarship,	40 00
Total,	60 00

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

N. Y.—N. Y. City, Sale of Japanese postal cards,	1 00
Pa.—Phila. W. For. Miss., Ref. Ep. Ch., Miss M. L. Brearley, Treas., Mrs. Jos. Barton's Bible woman,	15 00
Total,	16 00

GENERAL FUND

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss Hatch, per Mrs. Marston,	1 00
Md.—Baltimore, Mrs. M. K. Millikin, ocean freight on couch to India,	6 00
N. S.—New Glasgow, Miss K. D. Mackay, refund of passage money,	300 00
Total,	307 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISSIONARY LINK

Miss Alice Moffat, 1.00; Mrs. Jas. G. King, .50; Mrs. R. W. Dodge, .50; Miss Macowan, 50,	2 50
Total,	2 50

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Cawnpore—Mrs. Chas. W. Reihl, for Mrs. Maycock,	15 00
Jhansi—Dr. and Mrs. Ramsburgh, for Bible woman,	5 00
Miss M. D. Starr and Mrs. Bay- ley, for boy,	2 00
Japan—Miss A. R. Harper, Tei Miura,	10 00
Mr. A. F. Huston, Ozawa Yasu,	75 00
Mrs. C. B. Penrose, Harada Shobi,	10 00
Miss E. G. Fradley, Kishi Ono,	5 00
Mr. C. L. Hutchins, Kono Yoshida,	10 00
Dr. and Mrs. Ramsburgh, Kozu- kuye Station,	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fredericks, Luga Mori,	5 00
Mrs. H. D. Boone, Kiku Yamane,	5 00
Mr. F. M. Gillingham, Fude Mat- suoke,	30 00
Miss Bessie Pike, Fumio Suga,	60 00
Miss M. F. Pauli, Ishi Wataube, In Memory Mrs. S. F. Pauli, Hide Veda,	60 00
Mrs. Jos. W. Howe, Iijima San, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel, Chika Matsuoka,	5 00
Miss Jennie Riegel, Kui Wataube, Mrs. S. Robinson, Futsu Station,	60 00
Total,	420 00

SUMMARY

Calcutta,	30 00
Cawnpore,	187 00
Fātehpur,	35 00
Jhansi,	663 10
China,	60 00
Japan,	436 00
General Fund,	307 00
Link Subscriptions,	2 50
Total,	\$1,720 60

CLARA E. MASTERS, Ass't Treas.

NOVEMBER RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH
(Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas.)

From Miss Laura Clark, 1914 and 1915,	\$2 00
Through Miss E. Howard-Smith: From Miss S. C. Allebone, 1.00;	6 00
Miss Howard-Smith, (add'l) 5.00,	100 00
Int. on Harriet Holland Fund,	10 50
" " Mrs. Williams Fund,	5 62
" " Miss C. L. Lindsay Fund,	7 88
" " Chas. G. Tower Fund,	3 75
" " H. Holland Fund,	
Total,	\$135 75

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

ENDOWED BEDS IN

MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL.

ENDOWMENT, \$600.

Julia Cumming Jones—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.	
Mary Ogden Darrah—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.	
Robert and William Van Arsdale—Memorial by their sister, Julia C. Van Arsdale Jones.	
New Jersey—Miss Stevens.	
Henry Ward Beecher—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.	
Ruthy B. Hutchinson—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.	
Mary Prun Memorial—Ladies in Albany.	
Samuel Oakley Vander Poel—Mrs. S. Oakley Van- der Poel.	
Charlotte Otis Le Roy—Friends.	
Emily W. Appleton—Mrs. William Appleton.	
Mrs. Bela Mitchell—Mrs. Bela Mitchell.	
The American—A Friend.	
The White Memorial—Medical Mission Band, Balti- more.	

E. Cornelia Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey
 Drusilla Dorcas Memorial—A Friend in Boston.
 Mrs. John D. Richardson Memorial—Legacy.
 S. E. and H. P. Warner Memorial.
 Frances C. I. Greenough—Mrs. Abel Stevens.
 Emeline C. Buck—Mrs. Buck.
 Elizabeth W. Wyckoff—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
 Elizabeth W. Clark—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
 Jane Alexander Milligan—Mrs. John Story Gulick.
 "Artha Memorial"—A Friend.
 Mills Seminary—"Tolman Band." California.
 Maria N. Johnson—A Friend.
 "In Memoriam"—A Sister.
 Marie S. Norris— { Miss Norris
 { Mr. Wm. M. Norris.
 Mrs. Sarah Willing Spotswood Memorial—By her
 Daughter.
 John B. Spotswood—Miss Anne R. Spotswood.
 A. B. C. Beds—By Friends.
 Sarah A. Wakeman Memorial—A Friend.
 In Memoriam—A Friend.
 Ellen Logan Smith—By her Mother.
 Helen E. Brown—Shut-in Society.
 Anna Corilla Yeomans— { Mr. George G. Yeomans.
 { Mrs. Anna Yeomans Harris
 { Miss Elizabeth L. Yeomans.
 Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey— { Anthony Dey.
 Mrs. Sarah Scott Humphreys— {
 Olive L. Standish—Mrs. Olive L. Standish.
 Eliza C. Temple—Mrs. Eliza C. Temple.
 Mrs. Rebecca T. Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge
 Torrey.
 Perlie Raymond—Mrs. Mary E. Raymond.
 Mrs. Mary Elliot Young—Poughkeepsie Branch.
 Camilla Clarke—Mrs. Byron W. Clarke.
 Sarah White Memorial—Miss Mary F. Wakeman.
 Hannah Edwards Forbes— { Miss H. E. Forbes.
 Adeline Louisa Forbes— {
 Agnes Givan Crosby Allen—A Friend.
 Sarah Ann Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
 Caroline Elmer Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
 Maria Robert—Miss L. P. Halsted.
 Zalmon B. Wakeman Memorial—Mary F. Wakeman
 Bethune McCartee Memorial—Mrs. Peter McCartee.
 Mary Finney—Mrs. J. M. T. Finney.
 Concord (N. H.) Branch.
 Sara A. Palmer—Charles L. Palmer.
 Henrietta B. Haines Memorial } A grateful pupil
 } Laura Eliot Cutter.
 Mrs. Thomas C. Doremus—by her Daughter,
 Mary Haines Doremus
 Mrs. Rufus R. Graves Memorial.
 Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
 By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.
 Alexander McLeod Memorial—by Mrs. S. M. McLeod.
 Mrs. Susan Margaret McLeod
 Elbridge Torrey Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey
 Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.

CONCERNING MISSION BOXES.

We give a list of suitable articles for the boxes prepared through directions of our Missionaries:

FOR INDIA—General Direction.

Dolls—black-haired, with china heads, hands, and feet, sizes varying from 6 to 12 and 14 inches long. Wax, composition, jointed, or kid-covered dolls are not desired.

For prizes—Boxes of note-paper, desks filled, work-bags or boxes filled, boxes of lead pencils with rubbers, soaps, cotton towels, cotton handkerchiefs

by the hundreds, night-gowns, very stout unbleached muslin by the piece for underclothes, outing flannel by the piece, spool thread (Nos. 30 and 50), coarse, strong combs. Five or six yards of stout gingham is a good present for native teachers, and two and one-half yards of unbleached cloth for *chud dahs* for all the mission. Quinine in powder is most useful.

For Hospital—Cloth for bandages, unbleached cotton in any quantity, flannel, heavy white flannel-ette for skirts, sheets and pillow-cases, blankets, thin white counterpanes for single beds, pins—safety and straight—needles, thread—black and white, coarse and fine—note books, note paper, tape of varied widths, scissors, old linen, white rubber-sheeting, white vaseline, soap—castile, ivory, etc.—sapolio, scrubbing brushes, boxes of safety and assorted pins, bone buttons by the gross, tape of varied width and "baby bobbin."

JHANSI, INDIA.

ENDOWED BEDS

MARY S. ACKERMAN-HOYT AND MARIA ACKERMAN-HOYT MEMORIAL HOSPITALS

ENDOWMENT, \$600.

Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Maria A. Hoyt.
 Mary S. Ackermann Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Jeanie C. A. Bucknell.
 Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
 Maria Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
 Mrs. Jeanie C. Ackerman Bucknell—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
 Mrs. Caroline E. Ackerman Coles—Her daughter, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
 Mrs. Lavinia Agnes Dey, } Anthony Dey.
 Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey, }
 "In Memoriam"—A Sister.
 Eleanor S. Howard-Smith Memorial—Friends.
 Charles M. Taintor Memorial—A Friend.
 Mrs. R. R. Graves—Her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Owen.
 Associate Congregational Church, Baltimore.
 Mrs. A. L. Lowry.
 Peace—Mr. S. T. Dauchy.
 Annette R. Lapsley Memorial—Miss A. S. Lapsley.
 William H. Harris } Their Children.
 Mary A. Harris }
 Mrs. Henry Johnson—Friends.
 Lavinia M. Brown—Mrs. Joseph E. Brown.
 Canadian—Canadian Friends.
 Jhansi—Friends in India.
 Ida Hamlin Webster Memorial—By her mother, Mrs M. Jennette Hamlin.
 Dr. R. M. Wyckoff—Elizabeth Wyckoff Clark.
 Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
 By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.
 Fannie B. Robbins—By her sister, Mary R. Hoffman.
 William Harvey—By his sister, Mrs. George Trull.

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The payment of \$50.00 will make the donor or any person named a Life Member of this Society; \$25.00 a child a Life Member.

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